

Relations

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Category: Halo

Genre: Friendship, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2011-07-31 05:46:07

Updated: 2011-07-31 05:46:07

Packaged: 2016-04-26 23:53:15

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,385

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: While in the desert, Doc asks what Agent Washington's relationship with the Meta is, leading Wash to ponder about his former friendship with Agent Maine. Oneshot. Red vs Blue.

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A Red vs Blue Fanfic

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Frustration. It always seemed to set in for him. Yet despite every setback he facedâ€¦ regardless of each obstacle that made its way into his path, Agent Washington continued to press forward. As he stood in the barren desert, his goal was never forgotten.

It was ironic really. The very AI that completely changed his outlook on Project Freelancer and life in generalâ€¦ the one program he never wanted to see again after briefly experiencing its insanityâ€¦

Was his only hope.

He took off his helmet for a moment, drying his brown hair with a few strokes of his hand.

"Uh, Agent Washington?" a timid voice called out.

The man's green eyes stayed calm as he turned. "What is it, medic?"

"What's the deal with you two?" Doc asked while glancing over his shoulder.

The freelancer angled his head a bit, watching as the Meta pulled something in and out of a jeep. The vehicle, although in excellent condition, seemed to be stalled. Luckily, Agent Maine had started countless cars throughout his training in the program, which gave Washington a sense of security.

He returned his attention to the man in purple. "Are you still complaining about us being so hard on you?"

"Noâ€| I meant what's your relationship," DuFresne explained.

Washington stared in surprise. "Uhâ€| look Doc, I'm a hetero-"

"Whoa, I didn't mean that!" he replied in shock. "I just meant whether you were friends."

Washington lowered his eyelids. How could he accurately reply to that? His experience with the Meta was anything but static.

* * *

><p>Revelling in the sound of gunfire, a soldier in white armor sprayed his weapon across the center of a target board. Realizing the clip was out, he sat back down with a smile on his face.

"_Nice shooting," a familiar voice said._

The marksman glanced up, his blue eyes gleaming with excitement. "My aim's really improving! Once I pull off the next mission, I'll be in the top 10!"

Washington knelt beside the black haired man, smiling. "Don't get cocky. Strafing always hurts your precision."

Maine apathetically lied against a barricade. "Whatever. I'm sure Leo will see my potential."

"_Have you called him that to his face?" Wash asked._

"_Yeahâ€| he pulled a taser on me," he replied._

Staring at first, Washington began to hysterically laugh. "Matt, sometimes you just take things too far. He might hold a grudge against you."

"_I'm not concerned," Maine countered. "Behavior is a reflection of how life treats you. Since things have always been good for me, I may as well be a carefree guy."_

"_And what if things start getting worse?" his friend asked._

Matt narrowed his eyes. "What?"

Wash shrugged. "We're being trained to fight in a galactic war. War changes peopleâ€| sometimes for the worse."

_Maine crossed his arms. "That's only when soldiers are scarred by sights of carnageâ€| like corpses of children. Dead aliens don't

really cause sorrow."—

"—Dead allies do," he pointed out.—

—Matt smirked. "Come on— we're as tough as the Spartans."—

"—Well, there aren't very many of them left," the darkly colored agent commented.—

—The other nodded. "Yeah. Do you ever wonder when the war will end, Wash?"—

—He chuckled. "It'll end soon— just not in our favor."—

"—For once, I hope you're wrong," Maine stated.—

* * *

><p>David despised medical rooms. That hatred was sparked within him as a child— long before he became Agent Washington. He still had nightmares about the first time he had a shot, which was only heightened by his fear of needles. Just the thought of a sharp point sent shivers down his spine.
—

—What truly ticked him off this time, however, was that he wasn't inside the room.—

—This time it was Matt.—

—Breathing a sigh of relief, Wash watched as Agent Maine got to his feet. The freelancer walked outside alongside the medics.—

—Dave rushed up to him. "Matt!"—

—The man turned to him, his once vibrant blue eyes now as silent as the sky. Maine nodded, grunting a bit.—

—Wash frowned. "It's true then— you can't speak, can you?"—

—Matt took out a piece of paper.—

—Not a notepad— not a notebook!—

—Just a simple sheet.—

—Washington felt his face grow tense. Didn't the Director have the decency to give Matt something better? He was one of his best agents!—

"—Agents Maine and Washington— a word, if you will," Dr. Church said from behind his medic helmet.—

—The two freelancers loyally followed their superior back into the surgery wing.—

—The Director ripped off his helmet, his brown eyes cold. "I am ashamed of your performance in this simulation. I thought you were trained better."—

"—That's the first thing you say?" Wash asked. "He was shot in the

throat! Aren't you even concerned how he's feeling?"_

Leonard carelessly stared at the agent. "I told everyone that this program would be dangerousâ€| I even said some would lose the unthinkable."

Wash swallowed his anger, crossing his arms. "Just get to the punishment."

"_As you wish," he replied. "Both of you will have your ranks loweredâ€| and you will no longer serve together on miss-"_

"_What's that supposed to solve?" Washington inquired._

The Director crossed his arms behind his back, his expression still apathetic. "Agent Maine can no longer communicate with a teammate. He would only do well on solo missions."

"_He can write," Wash countered._

Dr. Church glared at him. "We're a military divisionâ€| not a postcard company! Our soldiers have to be the best, and that's not possible if they can't even verbally exchange tactics."

Having heard enough, Maine growled, storming out of the room without his helmet.

"_Matt, wait!" Wash said with his hand stretched out._

As he began to run towards the door, the Director stepped in his way. Dave stopped in his tracks, slowly regaining his cool.

"_Is there something else, sir?" Wash asked calmly._

"_Yesâ€| you'll now be a recovery agent," the Director said._

"_A what?" Dave asked._

The Director sighed for a moment. "Our operatives are starting to have difficulties, Agent Washington. The time will come where others will be on the verge of death like Agent Maine. You have a preternatural gift for keeping people safeâ€| your ability to keep Agent Maine safe for extraction and your performance in other missions proved this."

"_But I can still fight," Wash replied. "I can still-"_

Suddenly, the two heard gunfire ring out. They dashed out of the room, stunned to see the mute sprinting past volleys of bullets.

"_Stop him, he's headed for a Longsword!" one guard called out._

The Director turned to Washington. "He still has an AI! We can't let him escape."

Wash didn't move. He only stared as his loyalties tore inside.

Should he help Mattâ€| his friend, the one who he always looked out for?

Or should he obey the Director in order to ensure his reputation wouldn't completely dissolve?

Matt leapt up the ramp, slamming a button on his way to the cockpit. The ramp shut, just as a dozen guards stopped beside the vessel. They opened fire, ignoring the inferiority of their pistols and rifles against the fighter's titanium hull.

He looked back one last time, his eyes locking with Washington's.

Washington returned the gaze, his eyes hidden beneath his helmet.

Seeing that his friend was making no effort to accompany him, Matt narrowed his eyes in understanding.

He gunned the engine, igniting the blue flares of the Longsword. The aircraft hovered up, immediately racing out of the docking bay.

As the medics boarded a pelican in a fruitless attempt to pursue, Dr. Church faced Washington. His face was seething with anger as his cold eyes became slits.

"_We just lost an AI due to your inaction," the Director stated.
"Were you hoping those guns would explode his ship!"_

Wash shook his head. "Noâ€| I was hoping he'd come back."

* * *

><p>Raising his eyelids, Washington returned his focus to Doc.<p>

"We're freelancers," David stated sadly. "Nothing more."

End
file.